



GRIPPING TALES OF SUSPENSE!

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AUTHORITY

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ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

10¢

What WAS THERE
ABOUT THE OLD PARK
MERRY-GO-ROUND THAT
COULD CHANGE MEN'S LIVES?
READ THE GRIPPING ANSWER
IN...

"FATE RIDES THE CAROUSEL!"

Schaffnerberger





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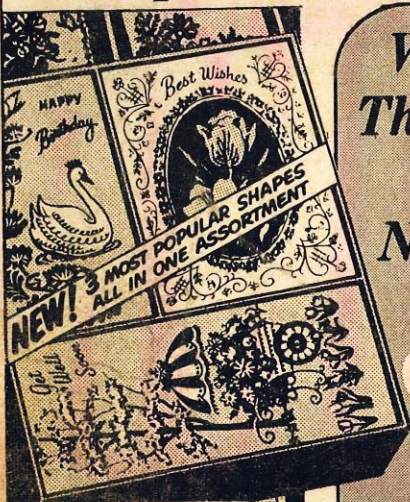
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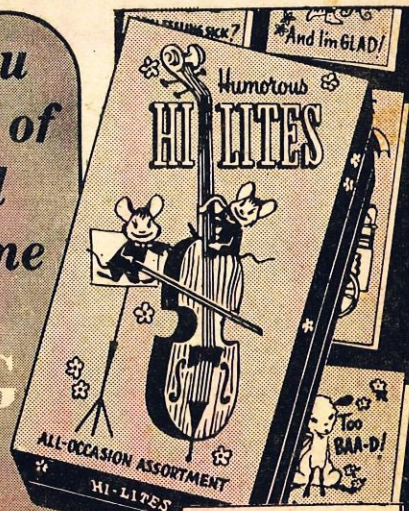


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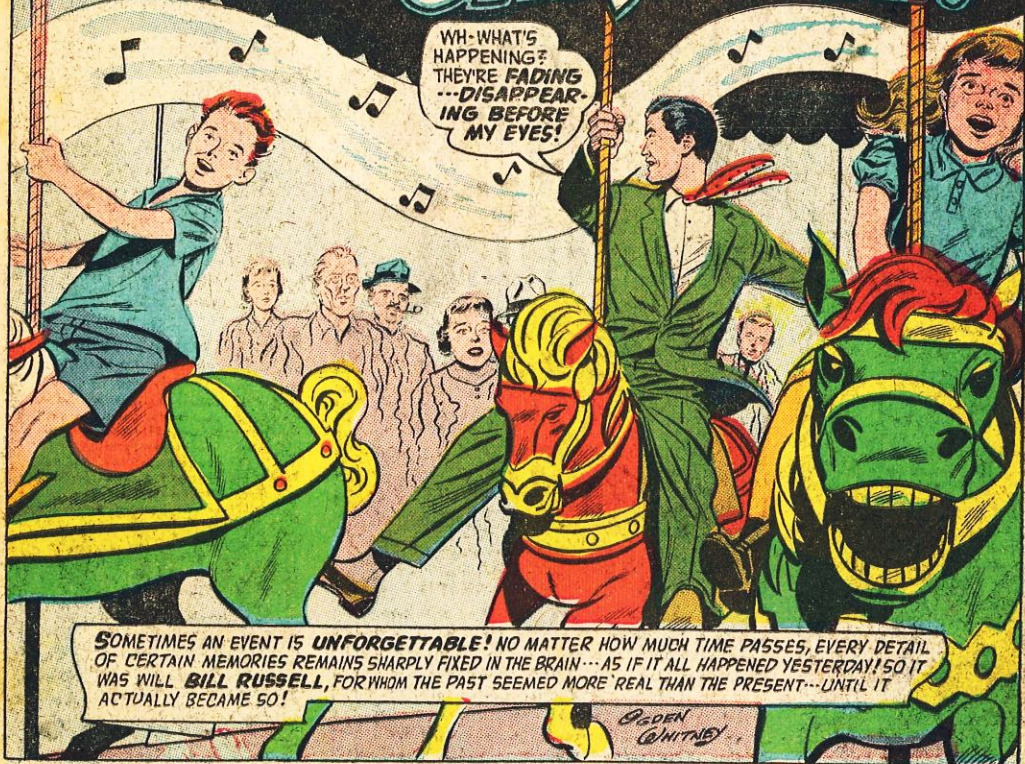
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FATE Rides THE CAROUSEL!



FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS HE'D BEEN TORTURED BY A SINGLE, UNBEARABLE MEMORY AND NOT EVEN PSYCHOANALYSIS COULD LESSEN THE PAIN...



BUT I WAS RESPONSIBLE! I... I CAUSED MY OWN FATHER'S DEATH!

YOU WERE ONLY A CHILD WHEN IT HAPPENED... YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT YOU WERE DOING!



ON THAT SUNSHINY DAY, LEAVING THE ANALYST'S OFFICE, BILL FELT MORE UPSET THAN EVER...



TALKING ONLY
MAKES IT WORSE!
I'VE GOT TO FORGET...
...FORGET...

HE BEGAN TO WALK THE STREETS OF THE CITY AIMLESSLY, BROODING...



MAYBE IT'D BE
EASIER IF I HADN'T LOVED
MY OLD MAN SO MUCH! HE
WAS SUCH A GREAT GUY...
...SO MUCH FUN...
GREAT GUNS, WHAT'S
THAT?

MUSIC... A FEW BARS OF GAY,
DISTINCTIVE MELODY... AND THE
GROWN MAN STAGGERED AS IF DEALT A
BLOW!



IT'S A...
CAROUSEL!
I--I CAN'T
STAND ANY
MORE OF
THIS!

THE MUSIC... THE CAROUSEL... IT WAS
LIKE A TRIGGER SETTING OFF A STRING
OF MEMORIES! IN AN INSTANT, HIS MIND
HAD LEAPED BACKWARD 20 YEARS, TO A
SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN CENTRAL PARK...



C'MON, DAD...
...I WANNA
SEE THE LIONS
AN' TIGERS!

SURE, BILLIE...
...WE'LL SEE
EVERY-
THING!

THOSE WERE HAPPY, CAREFREE HOURS...
FULL OF FUN AND FASCINATING SIGHTS...



GOSH, THERE'S
A CAROUSEL!
CAN I HAVE A
RIDE, DAD...
PLEASE?

OF COURSE,
SON! I'LL GET
YOU A TICKET
RIGHT NOW!



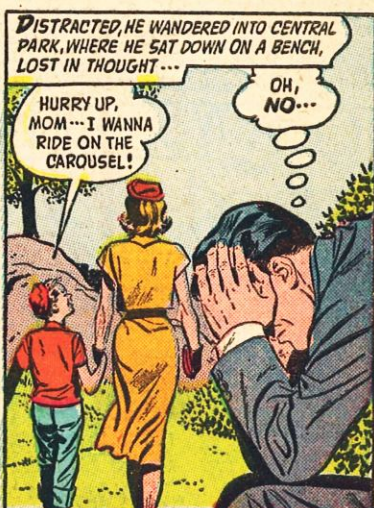
BETTER GET
OFF, MISTER...
WE'RE READY TO
START!

HOLD ON TIGHT,
SON... THIS THING
MOVES PRETTY
FAST!

AS BILLIE'S FATHER AND THE OTHER PARENTS WATCHED
FROM THE SIDELINES...



WHEEEE!
I'M A
COWBOY!



HE SHUDDERED VIOLENTLY, AND AN OVERPOWERING URGE TOOK POSSESSION OF HIM...

CENTRAL PARK! THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE SAME CAROUSEL I WAS ON SO LONG AGO! I'VE NEVER SEEN IT SINCE... BUT I'M GOING TO NOW!



AND THERE IT WAS, EXACTLY AS HE REMEMBERED IT, DOWN TO THE SLIGHTEST DETAIL...

IS IT POSSIBLE? NOTHING HAS CHANGED! AND EVEN THE TICKET-SELLER... IT'S THE SAME ONE, AND HE DOESN'T LOOK A DAY OLDER!



SUDDENLY HE KNEW THAT HE MUST BUY A TICKET, GET ON ONE OF THE HORSES! SOMEHOW, HE FELT THIS WOULD HELP HIM TRIUMPH OVER HIS FEAR...

A GROWN MAN LIKE YOU WANTS TO RIDE? WELL, OKAY... IT'S YOUR MONEY!

GIVE ME A TICKET... QUICK!



THE HUGE MERRY-GO-ROUND BEGAN TO TURN! FASTER... FASTER...

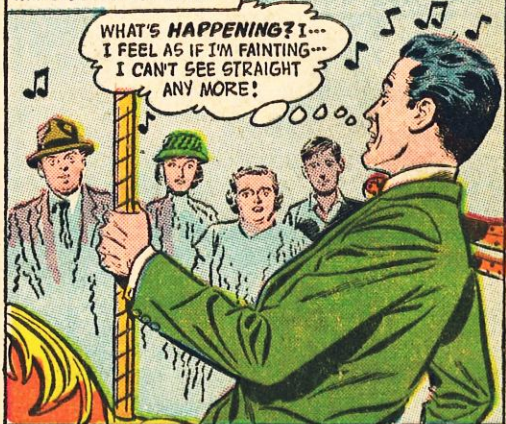
WHEEEE!

THE SAME OLD MUSIC... EVERYTHING'S THE SAME! MY HEAD FEELS SO FUNNY... I'M GETTING DIZZY...



WAS IT HIS DIZZINESS WHICH MADE EVERYTHING SEEM TO FADE BEFORE HIS EYES? THE SPECTATORS GREW DIM, EVERYTHING BEGAN TO RECEDE...

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I... I FEEL AS IF I'M FAINTING... I CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT ANY MORE!



FOR AN INSTANT, EVERYTHING WENT BLACK! BUT AS HIS EYES BEGAN TO FOCUS AGAIN, HE SAW A FAMILIAR FIGURE LOOMING UP BEFORE HIS EYES, IN A FAMILIAR SCENE... AND HE HEARD A BOYISH VOICE YELL...

WHEEE! I'M A COWBOY!

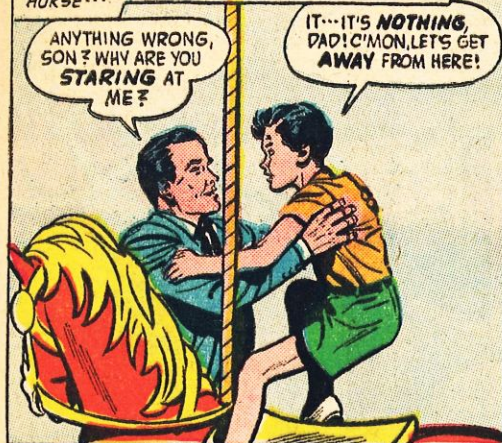


HIS FATHER... SURROUNDED BY OTHER SMILING PARENTS, AS THE SHOUTS OF HAPPY CHILDREN FILLED THE AIR! EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE HAPPENING MECHANICALLY, AS IN A DREAM...

I... I'M A KID AGAIN! SOMETHING'S TELLING ME TO YELL, DAD! NO HANDS! BUT I WON'T! THIS TIME I'LL HOLD ON TIGHT!



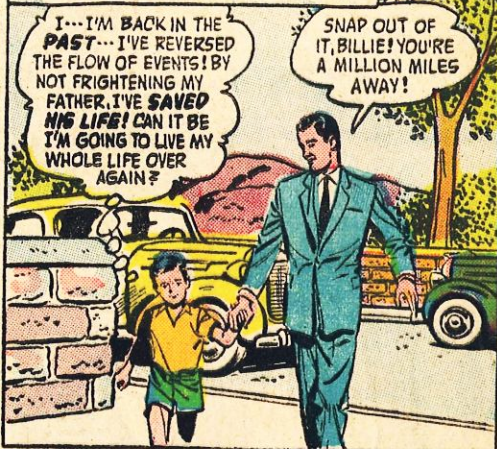
IN A MOMENT, THE RIDE WAS OVER...AND BILLIE FELT HIS FATHER'S STRONG HANDS LIFTING HIM FROM THE HORSE...



ANYTHING WRONG, SON? WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME?

IT...IT'S NOTHING, DAD! C'MON, LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

WHAT HAD HAPPENED? HIS MIND RACED AT A FURIOUS PACE AS THEY LEFT THE PARK...



I...I'M BACK IN THE PAST...I'VE REVERSED THE FLOW OF EVENTS! BY NOT FRIGHTENING MY FATHER, I'VE SAVED HIS LIFE! CAN IT BE I'M GOING TO LIVE MY WHOLE LIFE OVER AGAIN?

SNAP OUT OF IT, BILLIE! YOU'RE A MILLION MILES AWAY!

THE BOY'S MANNER SOON UPSET HIS FATHER! THE CHILD'S FACE WAS PALE, AND HE COULD HARDLY SPEAK...



WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY? YOU LOOK SO PALE...

LOOK OUT!

THE CAR'S OUT OF CONTROL!



JUMP!

HIS FATHER'S QUICK ACTION HAD HURLED HIM OUT OF DANGER! BUT THE SUDDEN FRIGHT WAS TOO MUCH...



OHhhh...

DAD!

NUMB WITH FEAR, BILLIE WATCHED A CROWD GATHER QUICKLY AROUND HIS STRICKEN FATHER! COULD IT HAPPEN... AGAIN?



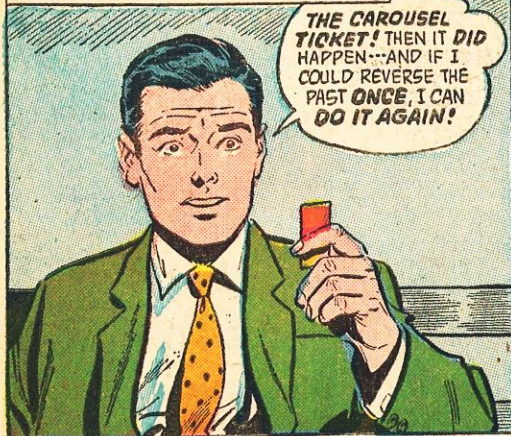
THAT NEAR MISS MUST'VE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIS HEART!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T... HUH? I...I'M AN ADULT AGAIN! EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED... IT WAS ALL A HALLUCINATION!

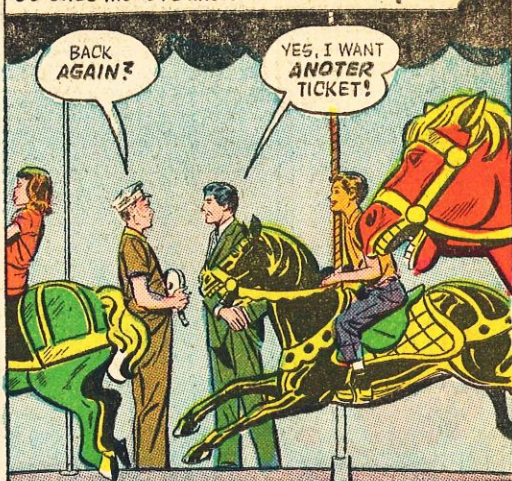


STRANGE? NOT PARTICULARLY... WHEN YOU THINK OF WEIRDER CASES IN MEDICAL HISTORY! BUT WHEN BILL RUSSELL LOOKED DOWN AT HIS HANDS...



THE CAROUSEL TICKET! THEN IT DID HAPPEN... AND IF I COULD REVERSE THE PAST ONCE, I CAN DO IT AGAIN!

SO ONCE MORE HE HASTENED TO THE CAROUSEL...



BACK AGAIN?

YES, I WANT ANOTHER TICKET!

AROUND AND AROUND, TO THE GAY SOUND OF LILTING MUSIC! BUT BILL RUSSELL'S FACE WAS GRIM AS HE WAITED FOR THE INCREDIBLE TO HAPPEN...



THE PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO DIM OUT AGAIN! GOOD! I'M GOING TO GET ANOTHER CHANCE!

ONCE MORE THE OLD MEMORY TOOK SHAPE... BECAME REAL! HE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WOULD HAPPEN...



ENJOY YOURSELF, SON? WANT ANOTHER RIDE?

N-NO! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

AS THEY STARTED WALKING TO THE PARK EXIT ON 5TH AVENUE, BILLIE SUDDENLY SHUDDERED! NO, THEY HAD TO GO IN THE OTHER DIRECTION, FOR OUT ON THE STREET A DISASTER WAS WAITING...



PLEASE, DAD... PLEASE! LET'S GO THE OTHER WAY! BUY ME A FRANK-FURTER! THE RESTAURANT'S THE OTHER WAY... NEAR THE ZOO!

OKAY, OKAY! WHY ARE YOU GETTING SO EXCITED?

AT THE RESTAURANT IN THE PARK, NEAR THE ZOO AND FAR FROM ANY CARS, BILLIE BREATHED MORE EASILY...



WELL, YOU LOOK MIGHTY PLEASED WITH YOURSELF! HOW COME?

OH, IT'S JUST THAT I...

WITHOUT WARNING...



RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! TIGER LOOSE!

A TIGER HAD BROKEN LOOSE FROM ONE OF THE NEARBY CAGES...AND WAS STREAKING THEIR WAY! EVERYONE SCATTERED WILDLY...



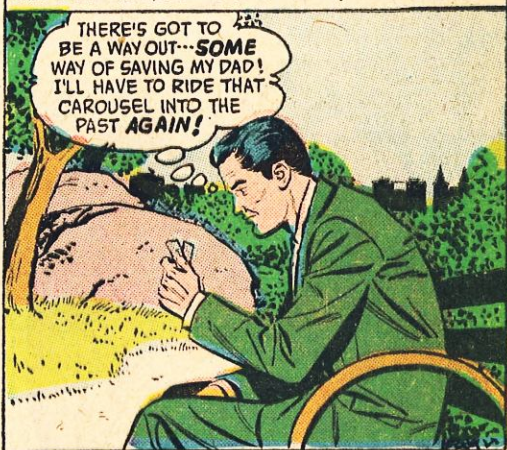
JUST AS THE GREAT BEAST SPRANG...



THE GUARD'S AIM HAD BEEN TRUE, AND THE BEAST FELL DEAD INSTANTLY! BUT ONCE AGAIN, THE STRAIN HAD PROVED TOO MUCH...



SO ONCE AGAIN, DESTINY COULD NOT BE AVERTED! AS THE BOY SOBBED, EVERYTHING GREW BLACK, TILL ONCE AGAIN...



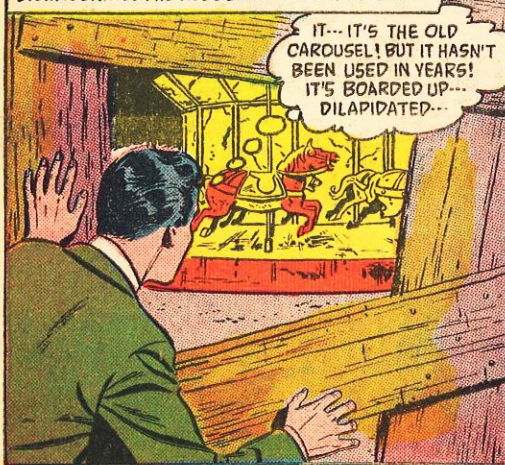
GRIMLY DETERMINED, HE HURRIED BACK TO PURCHASE ANOTHER TICKET, BUT THIS TIME...



WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S BEEN...? OH, NO! HE...HE'S STARTING TO DISAPPEAR!



AS HE STOOD TRANSFIXED IN AMAZEMENT, THE WHOLE SCENE DISINTEGRATED! HE RUBBED HIS EYES, AND SAW...



JUST THEN HE NOTICED AN OLD PARK ATTENDANT PASSING...



ONLY A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE, BILL HAD HELD THOSE TICKETS, AND THEY'D BEEN CRISP AND NEW...



ALL AT ONCE BILL FELT AS IF AN IMMENSE WEIGHT HAD BEEN LIFTED FROM HIS SHOULDERS! HE COULD HOLD UP HIS HEAD AGAIN, BREATHE FREELY, FREE OF HIS AWFUL MEMORIES AT LAST...





100 TOY SOLDIERS \$1.25



100 TOY SOLDIERS,

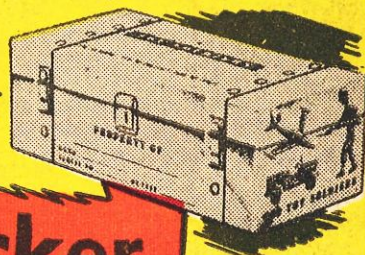
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THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS are FOR!

You couldn't find two better friends than Stanley Emmons and Joe Harley. They'd grown up together and gone to school together and had always been inseparable, and there was nothing that one wouldn't do for the other. As Joe always put it, "*That's what friends are for!*"—and Stan agreed wholeheartedly. They even worked in the same place—the Grigsby Chemical Laboratories—and it was here that the tragic event occurred. A terrific explosion was followed by a roaring fire which swept through the building. It was sheerest luck that everybody escaped—everybody except one, that is. Joe Harley hadn't emerged from the flaming building. When it became known, several men tried to hold Stanley Emmons back, but they were unsuccessful. Stan broke away, plunged into the fiery pyre. Nobody thought they'd see him again, but at last he emerged, the body of his friend slung over his shoulder. He was badly burned, but Joe was dying. For a while, he recovered consciousness in the hospital, to find Stan, himself swathed in bandages, keeping a vigil at his bedside. "Thanks—for what you did, Stan," he whispered weakly. "But you're—you're burned!"

"Forget it!" answered Stan brokenly. "I *had* to help you—that's what friends are for!"

"I'll never forget that," murmured the dying man. "Maybe—someday I can help *you* too, even if I'm—not here. Like you say, that's—what friends are for!" Then he closed his eyes for the last time.

Of course, Stan grieved for his departed friend, and it took him a long while to get over the shock. He was lucky to have Yolanda Farr to help him through these dark hours—Yolanda, the girl whom he loved. How he wished that Joe could have lived to attend their wedding! But they did spend an ecstatically happy honeymoon, taking a motor trip, during the course of which they stopped off for a visit at the home of Stan's great aunt Mary.

The house enchanted Yolanda—an old mansion dating back to Revolutionary times, with a huge, majestic grand staircase which wound upward gracefully. But the very first night there, Stan had a disturbing dream. In it, he was standing beneath the big staircase. Joe was there, pulling at his arm, pleading with him to move from this spot. Apparently he was trying to warn Stan of something, but Stan wouldn't listen. He struggled as Joe strove to drag him away. Then, suddenly, he looked up—to see the staircase collapsing upon him!

It was at this point he awoke in terror—a terror he couldn't dispel. He told Yolanda about the dream, and she saw that it was preying on his mind.

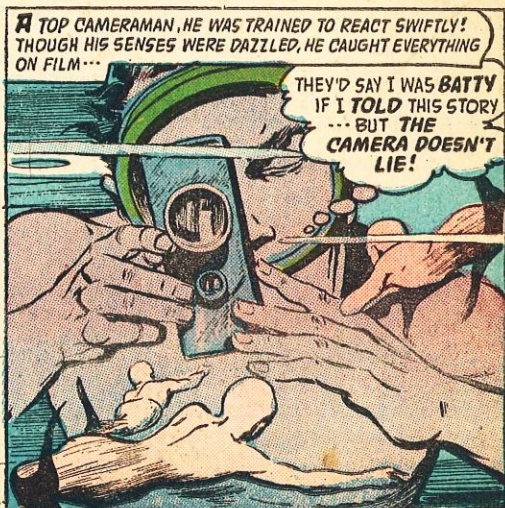
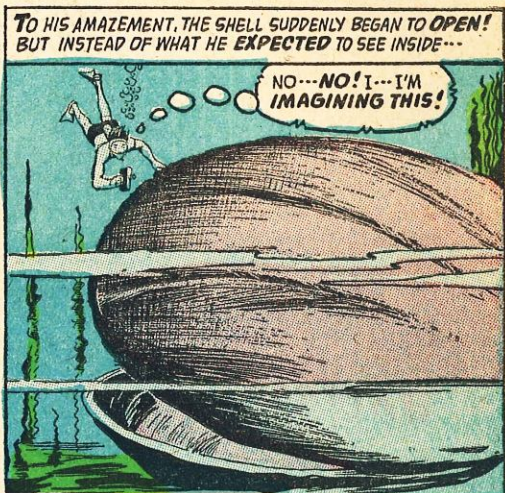
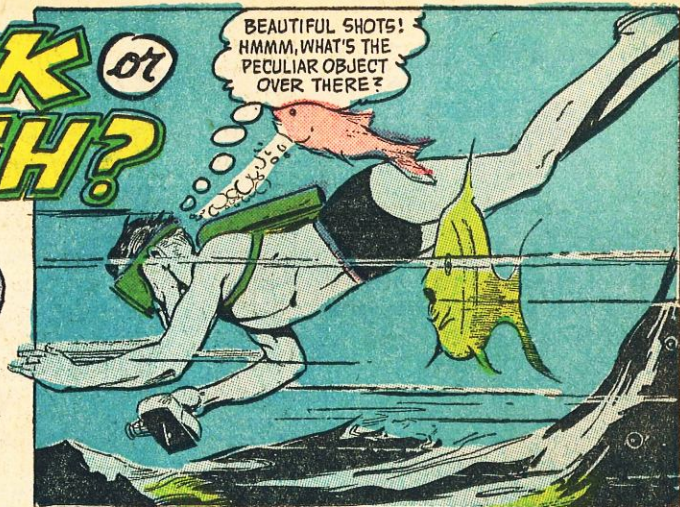
"There's only one way to cure it," she said, "and that's to stand in that very spot—and when nothing happens, you'll *realize* that all it was a silly dream!" Despite his objections, she grasped him firmly by the arm and led him to a point directly beneath the overhanging staircase. "You *see?*" she asked. "Nothing's happening, is it? After all, how could anything as strong as that ever come down?"

Shamefacedly, Stan admitted that she was right—it *had* been just a meaningless dream, after all! And standing there, he took her in his arms and looked upward smilingly. Suddenly his eyes widened with horror. At the point where the ceiling joined the underneath part of the stairs, a crack was spreading—*spreading!*

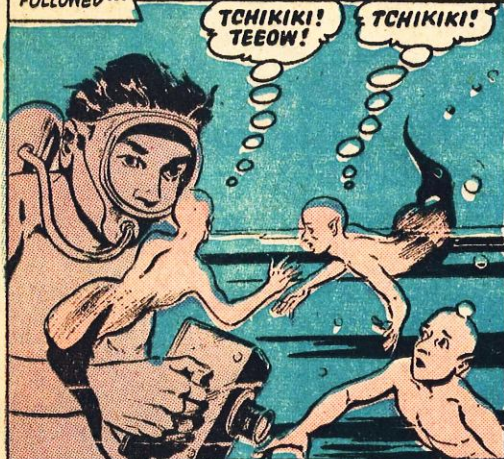
There was just time to knock Yolanda out of the way in a desperate flying tackle. With a mounting roar, the staircase collapsed, tons of debris raining down with a crash that sounded like an explosion. Death had grazed them by the breadth of a hair, but they were *alive*, with many years before them! As he shakily helped his bride to her feet, Stan seemed to hear the echo of a beloved voice whispering weakly, "Maybe—someday I can help *you* too, even if I'm—not here. *That's—what friends are for!*"

TRICK or TRUTH?

FRANK MASTERS, THE NOTED PHOTOGRAPHER OF SUBMARINE LIFE, HAS STAKED HIS REPUTATION ON THE FOLLOWING STORY! IT HAPPENED IN THE CORAL SEAS OFF TARAWA...



WITHIN SECONDS, HOWEVER, MASTERS WAS SEEN! PANIC FOLLOWED...



TCHIKIKI!
TEEOW!

TCHIKIKI!

LIKE A FLOCK OF BIRDS RESPONDING TO A DANGER SIGNAL, THE TINY CREATURES STREAKED FOR SAFETY...



THEY'RE FLASHING BACK INTO
THE SHELL! I'M SCARING
THEM!

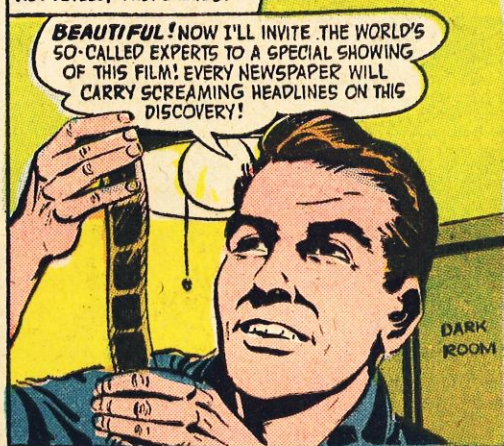
THE ENORMOUS LID SNAPPED SHUT, AND THERE WAS A SLIGHT BUZZING SOUND! THEN, STIRRING THE MUD ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...



WHIRRRR!

THEY'RE MOVING THEIR UNDERWATER
WORLD OFF TO SAFETY! I GUESS IT'S HEADED
FOR DEEP WATER... WHERE DIVERS CAN'T REACH!
BUT WHO CARES... I'VE GOT THE
PICTURES!

MASTERS WAS TERRIFIED THAT PERHAPS HIS FILM MIGHT NOT DEVELOP PROPERLY, BUT...



BEAUTIFUL! NOW I'LL INVITE THE WORLD'S
SO-CALLED EXPERTS TO A SPECIAL SHOWING
OF THIS FILM! EVERY NEWSPAPER WILL
CARRY SCREAMING HEADLINES ON THIS
DISCOVERY!

DARK
ROOM

TELLING THE MARINE AUTHORITIES THAT THEY WERE ABOUT TO WITNESS A FANTASTIC FILM, HE PROCEEDED TO SCREEN IT! TO HIS DISMAY...



CLEVER... VERY CLEVER! BUT
REALLY... DID YOU HAVE TO SUMMON
US ALL TO SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN
DO WITH TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY?

WHA-A-A? THAT'S
THE REAL THING!

SOME OF THE EXPERTS WERE AMUSED, OTHERS ANGRY AT THE OBVIOUS "HOAX"! NOT A SINGLE ONE ACCEPTED THE EVIDENCE FOR A MOMENT...



YOU'VE GOT TO
LISTEN TO ME!
I'LL STAKE MY
REPUTATION...

TAKE IT EASY,
MASTERS... YOU'RE
CARRYING THIS
JOKE TOO FAR!

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO CONVINCE ANYONE... THEY LOOKED UPON IT ALL AS A HUGE FRAUD...



THEY DON'T BELIEVE ME...
THEY DON'T BELIEVE
ME...

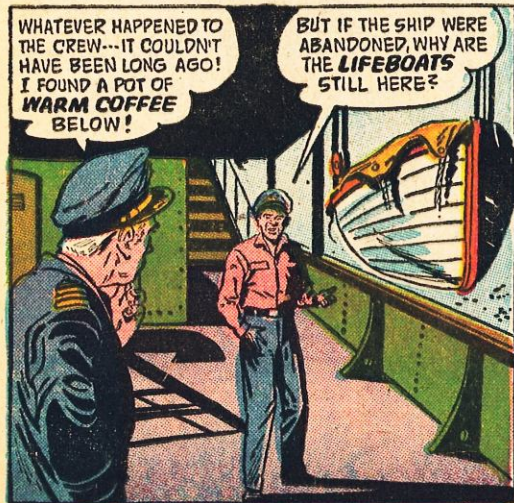
WOULD YOU,
READER? DO YOU?

THE END!

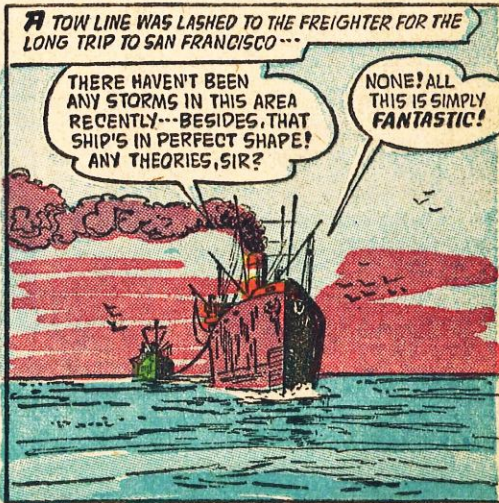
The CASTAWAY!



THE ANNALS OF THE SEA CONTAIN MANY BAFFLING AND UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES! WHAT POSSIBLE EXPLANATION COULD THERE BE WHEN AN AMERICAN FREIGHTER WAS FOUND ADRIFT IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, SHOWING NO SIGNS OF VIOLENCE...WITH FOOD STILL FRESH ON THE TABLES...BUT WITHOUT A SOUL ABOARD?



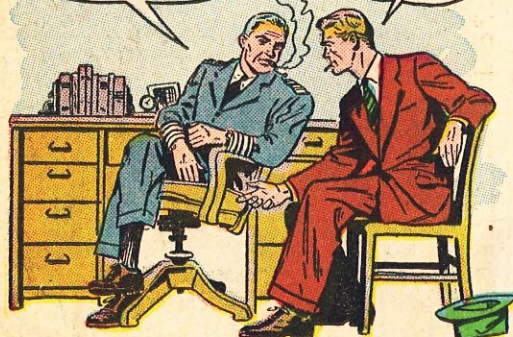
BUT IF THE SHIP WERE ABANDONED, WHY ARE THE LIFEBOATS STILL HERE?



IN SAN FRANCISCO, MARINE AUTHORITIES TOOK CHARGE...

THIS IS MORE BAFFLING THAN THE MYSTERY OF THE **MARIE CELESTE**! THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO **REASON** FOR THE CREW'S DISAPPEARANCE!

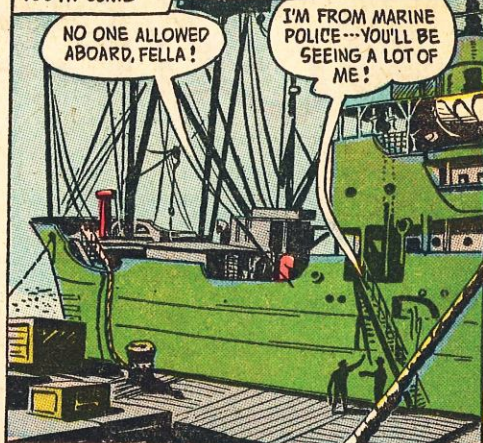
THERE'S **GOT** TO BE A REASON, SIR... THE MEN CERTAINLY DIDN'T **JUMP** OVERBOARD!



INVESTIGATOR DAN HAMILTON WAS DEEPLY INTRIGUED BY THE CASE! HE DECIDED TO INSPECT THE SHIP WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB...

NO ONE ALLOWED ABOARD, FELLA!

I'M FROM MARINE POLICE... YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT OF ME!



DECKS, CABINS, DINING QUARTERS... NOTHING ESCAPED HIS INTENSE SCRUTINY...

IT'S... **UNCANNY**! THE MEN WERE OBVIOUSLY GETTING READY TO EAT WHEN WHATEVER IT WAS HAPPENED! BUT WHAT **WAS** IT?



IN THE CABIN OF THE SHIP'S DOCTOR...

HMMM... THE DOC SURE KEPT A THICK **DIARY**! THERE JUST **MIGHT** BE SOME CLUES IN HERE... I'LL TAKE IT HOME AND READ IT THROUGH!



FOR MOST OF ITS LENGTH, THE DIARY PROVED DULL AND UNINFORMATIVE, BUT SUDDENLY THE NARRATIVE TOOK AN UNEXPECTED TURN...

GREAT SCOTT! NOW WE'RE **GETTING** SOMEWHERE!



HE READ NOW, IN THE SHARK-INFESTED WATERS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC...

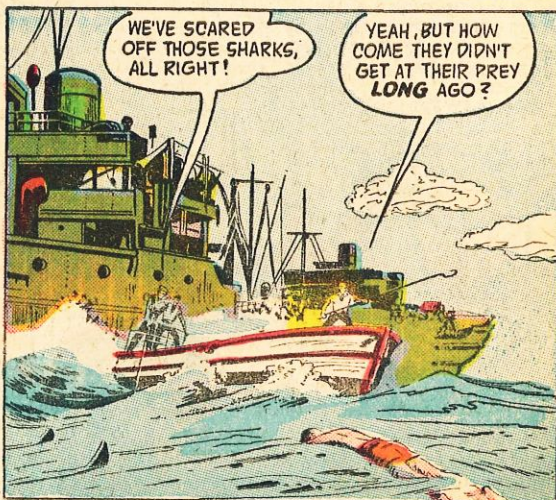
LOOK! THERE'S A **DEAD MAN** FLOATING OUT THERE!

BETTER LAUNCH A BOAT TO RETRIEVE THE BODY! WE'LL NEED RIFLES TO DEAL WITH THOSE MAN-EATERS!

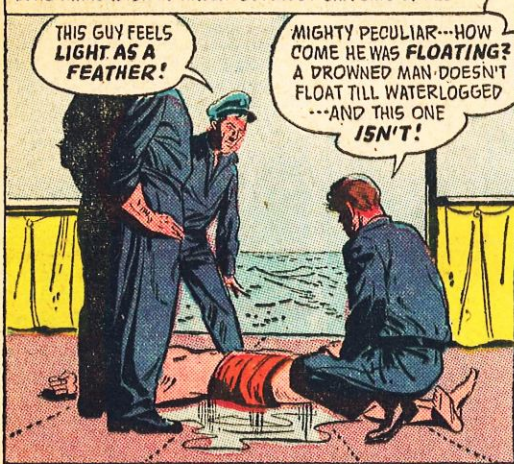


WE'VE SCARED OFF THOSE SHARKS, ALL RIGHT!

YEAH, BUT HOW COME THEY DIDN'T GET AT THEIR PREY **LONG** AGO?



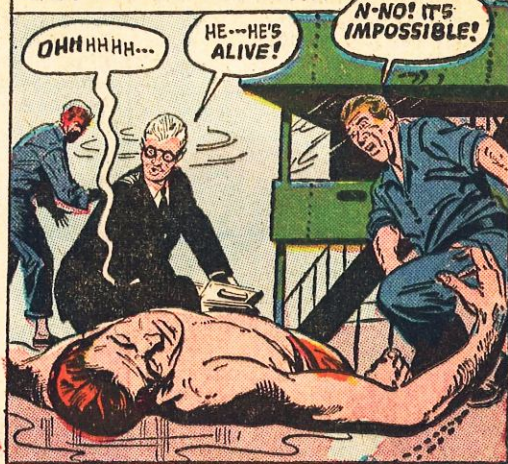
THE VICTIM'S BODY WAS UNTOUCHED, AND SHOWED NO SIGNS OF LONG IMMERSION IN WATER! BUT MOST BAFFLING OF ALL---



THIS GUY FEELS LIGHT AS A FEATHER!

MIGHTY PECULIAR---HOW COME HE WAS FLOATING? A DROWNED MAN DOESN'T FLOAT TILL WATERLOGGED ---AND THIS ONE ISN'T!

THE SHIP'S DOCTOR WAS SUMMONED IMMEDIATELY, BUT BEFORE HE COULD EXAMINE THE BODY---

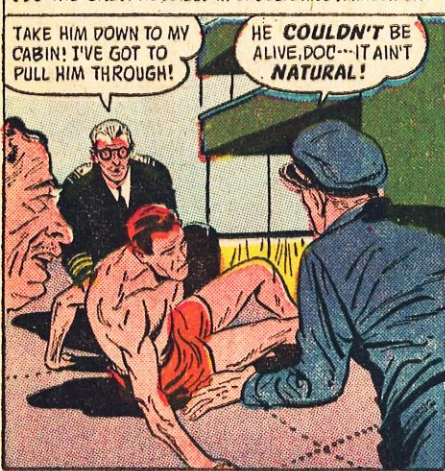


OH H H H H...

HE---HE'S ALIVE!

N-NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

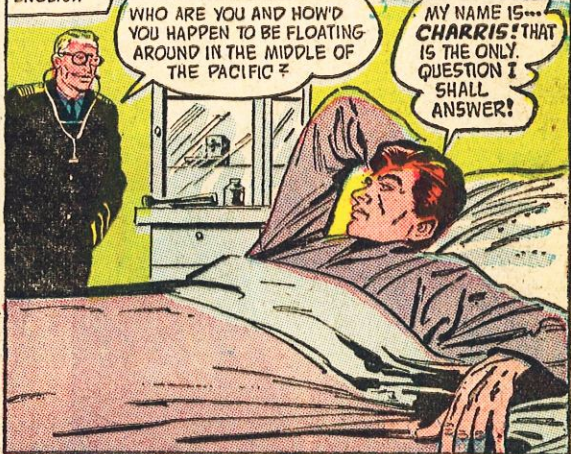
AS THE CREW RECOILED IN UNBELIEVING AMAZEMENT---



TAKE HIM DOWN TO MY CABIN! I'VE GOT TO PULL HIM THROUGH!

HE **COULDN'T** BE ALIVE, DOC---IT AIN'T NATURAL!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER THE "DROWNED" MAN REVIVED, SPOKE FLUENT ENGLISH---



WHO ARE YOU AND HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO BE FLOATING AROUND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC?

MY NAME IS---**CHARRIS!** THAT IS THE ONLY QUESTION I SHALL ANSWER!

LOOK HERE, CHARRIS---A MAN CAN'T LIVE FLOATING FACE DOWN AND UNCONSCIOUS IN THE WATER! ALSO, WHAT KEPT YOU AFLOAT, AND WHY DIDN'T THE SHARKS GO FOR YOU?



I REPEAT---I SHALL ANSWER NO QUESTIONS!

IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN, LATER---



WHAT DOES HE MEAN, HE WON'T TALK? **MAKE HIM!**

HE'S ASLEEP JUST NOW, SIR! GIVE ME TIME TO WORK ON HIM---IN THE MEANWHILE, WE'D BETTER QUIET THE CREW! THEY SEEM **FRIGHTENED** ABOUT HIM!

THE GUY MAY LOOK HUMAN, DOC---BUT I SAY HE **AIN'T!** HE WAS NO HEAVIER THAN **CORK** WHEN WE PULLED HIM ABOARD!

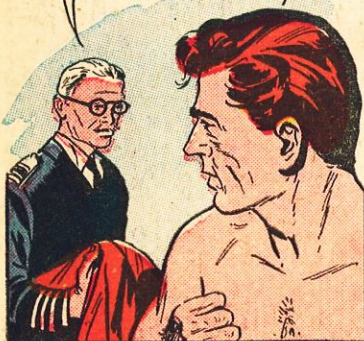


NOW, NOW---LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS! I ASSURE YOU HE'S PERFECTLY **HARMLESS!**

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO BE UP AND ABOUT, CHARRIS! HERE, YOU'LL NEED SOME CLOTHES!

THANK YOU... I BELIEVE I CAN USE A BIT OF EXERCISE!



IN THE BEGINNING, THE CASTAWAY KEPT MUCH TO HIMSELF...

WHAT'S HE ALWAYS GAZING UP AT THE SKY FOR, SIR? IT'S LIKE HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING! HE GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

ME TOO! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT GUY!



THAT NIGHT, MYSTERIOUSLY, THE SHIP'S ENGINES GRIND TO A HALT! INSPECTION SHOWED THEY HAD BEEN TAMPERED WITH...

WHY SHOULD ANYBODY WANT TO DISABLE THE SHIP, SIR?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? THE FIRST THING IS TO GET IT FIXED AND ON OUR WAY AGAIN! FROM NOW ON, I WANT GUARDS POSTED HERE!



IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, THE DOCTOR KEPT CHARRIS UNDER CLOSE SCRUTINY...

IT'S ABSOLUTELY AMAZING, CAPTAIN! HE SPEAKS EASILY WITH THE JAP COOK, THE PORTUGUESE STEWARD, THE RUSSIAN MATE AND THE FRENCH HELMSMAN... IN THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGES, WITH A PERFECT ACCENT!

I GUESS EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM IS PECULIAR! KEEP WATCHING HIM... CLOSELY!



OF EVERYTHING ABOARD SHIP, CHARRIS WAS MOST FASCINATED BY THE RADIO SHACK! HE HUNG ABOUT IT BY THE HOUR...

WHAT SORT OF A CODE IS THAT YOU'RE USING?

THE MORSE CODE, OF COURSE!



MIND IF I FOOL AROUND WITH THE KEY? PLEASE...

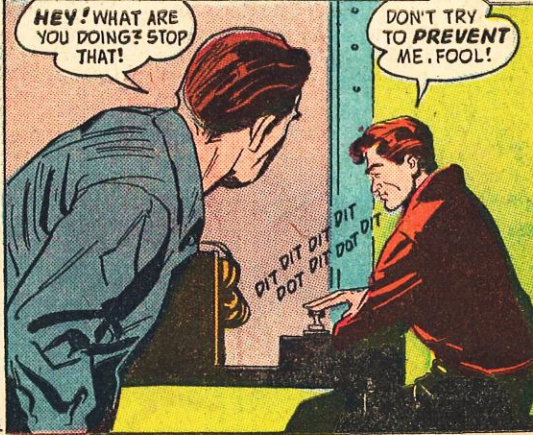
SURE, WHY NOT? I'VE SENT ALL MY MESSAGES OFF!



THE RADIO MAN WAS STARTLED TO OBSERVE THE CASTAWAY BEGIN SENDING A MESSAGE VERY PURPOSEFULLY...

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP THAT!

DON'T TRY TO PREVENT ME, FOOL!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

AMAZING PRECISION MINIATURE SECRET CAMERA

Takes secret pictures! Easily carried in the palm of your hand —

only 2 x 1/4"

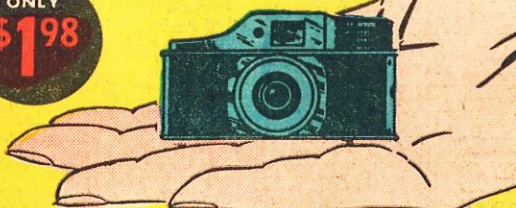


Easily concealed under a flower in your lapel. While they're kissing, you're photographing. Wow! Won't they be surprised. So many other ways to conceal also.



Your girl friend and other bathing beauties will all relax in their natural pose and make a swell pin-up collection. Through a paper is just one of the many ways to go about it.

ONLY
\$1.98



Some exciting event just happened. You're not stuck because your camera is home. Just open the palm of your hand and photograph away. No bulky crazy mess. No bulges. Fits any pocket with ease and goes into action instantly.



Any joke, paper, or document you'd like to have an outline of? Just take out a pack of cigarettes and snap away. It's simple, your camera is inside. There's lots of other clever ways too.

A precision built camera that is so amazingly small it is less than 1/2 the size of a regular pack of cigarettes and can be taken everywhere you go. It weighs only 2 1/2 ounces and is solid all metal construction with chrome trim. It's got a professional eye level view finder and a single action 1/25th second and time exposure shutter with a precision ground lens that assures you a clear, sharp instantaneous picture. It takes ten pictures per roll on low cost film (standard 16 MM). Makes for beautiful enlargements. So compact and precision made, it can be hidden anywhere and takes true-to-life "spy" pictures that should really provide you with loads of fun and interest. Only \$1.98 complete with a free roll of film. Don't delay! Order now.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

We know you'll have so much fun and excitement with your Secret Camera that we offer it to you at 10 Days Free Trial. Use it and if you're not 100% delighted with its performance, return to us and your money will be refunded in full.

LOOK! FREE!

Order right away and receive FREE one roll of fresh film enough for 10 pictures. Additional film available at only 25¢ per roll of 10 exposures.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP. Dept. CA-3
35 Wilbur St. Lynbrook, N. Y.

Rush my Secret Camera and free roll of film for \$1.98 at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 Days Free Trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

☐ I enclose payment. Same Money Back Guarantee.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

Name _____
Address _____

Automatic Firing Tripod Machine Gun

IT'S MAGAZINE FED—SWIVELS IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

Kids, here's an authentic reproduction of a U.S.A. type 1917A1 water cooled machine gun, loaded with devastating fire power. This high-powered hunk of fighting equipment loads ammunition right into the magazine like a real machine gun. Then, by means of the automatic repeating device it fires 10 rounds just as fast as you pull the trigger. It sets up sturdily on its tripod, and the swivel base turns in all directions to assure complete coverage and range, with a special sight attachment to insure a direct hit. Imagine the thrill as you advance with your machine gun blasting the enemy in a hail of fast firing automatic repeating pellets.

DEVELOPS DEADLY TARGET SKILL

A full size target comes to you along with your exciting Tripod Machine Gun. Just like the army training program, you too can acquire great shooting skill, still in no time you'll be hitting the mark with deadly accuracy. But don't delay! Order now. Only \$1.98 plus 37¢ shipping charges.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Rush my automatic repeating Tripod Machine Gun and target at once. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 day Free Trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$1.98 plus 37¢ shipping charges
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery

Name _____
Address _____

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

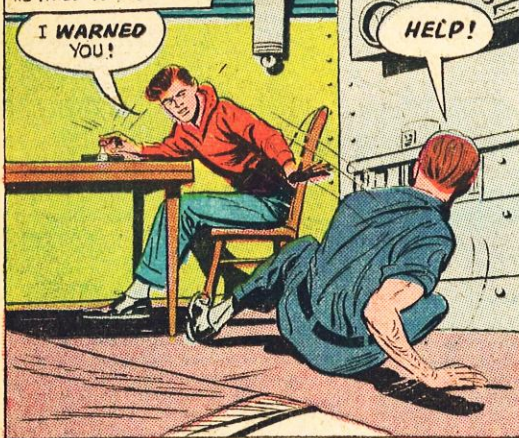
We're so sure that you'll be delighted that we offer a full 10 day Free Trial. You risk nothing. Send only \$1.98 plus 37¢ shipping charges for the complete outfit including Tripod Machine Gun, full supply of pellets and target.

LOOK AT ALL YOU GET

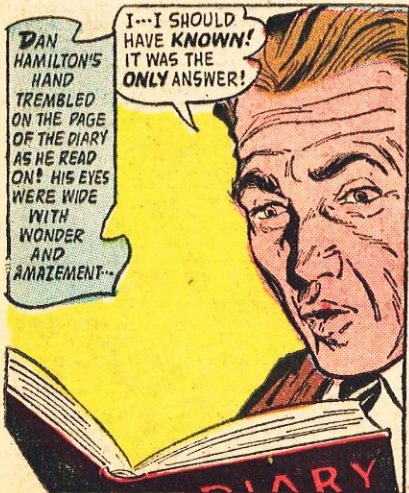
- Pellet firing Tripod Machine Gun with sight
- Fires 10 rounds as fast as you pull the trigger
- Loads with a magazine
- Full size target for practice
- Full supply of ammunition

1.98

THE MESSAGE WAS **NOT** IN MORSE CODE, BUT ANOTHER CODE, WHICH THE RADIOMAN HAD NEVER HEARD BEFORE! WHEN HE TRIED TO STOP IT---



CHARRIS CONTINUED SENDING, UNTIL SEVERAL MEN FINALLY SUBDUED HIM---





THE SAUCER
HOVERED IN
MID-AIR
JUST ABOVE
THE DECK!
A PORT
GLIDED
OPEN
AND A
LADDER
DROPPED...

IT WOULD BE
FOOLISH TO RESIST,
CAPTAIN... BESIDES,
MY PEOPLE DETEST
VIOLENCE!

B-BETTER DO AS
HE SAYS, SIR...
WE'RE IN HIS
POWER!



VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU ALIVE
AND WELL AGAIN, CHARRIS! WE
GOT YOUR RADIO MESSAGE!
ARE YOU THE **ONLY**
SURVIVOR?

YES, SIR... THE
OTHERS
PERISHED!



WE PICKED UP YOUR FIRST MESSAGE
WHEN YOUR ROCKET SHIP WAS ABOUT
TO CRASH! BUT WHEN WE GOT THERE,
THE CRAFT HAD SUNK AND THERE WAS
NO SIGN OF YOU OR YOUR CREW...

IT WENT DOWN
WITHIN SECONDS,
SIR!



WE ANCHORED IN THE
STRATOSPHERE **HOPING**
FOR ANOTHER RADIO
MESSAGE, AND WHEN
YOURS ARRIVED FROM
THIS SHIP, WE CAME
IMMEDIATELY!

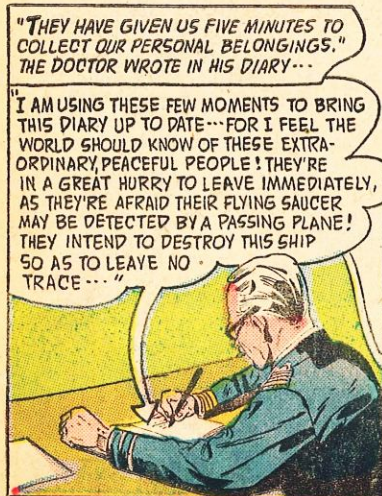
I'M ANXIOUS
TO GO HOME
AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE, SIR!
WHAT SHALL WE
DO ABOUT THESE
EARTHLINGS
...AFTER ALL,
THEY HAVE
SEEN US!



**CHARRIS AND THE SPACE-VISITORS CON-
VERSED IN LOW TONES FOR SEVERAL
MOMENTS, THEN...**

CAPTAIN, I CONGRATULATE
YOU AND YOUR MEN ON
YOUR GOOD FORTUNE!
WE HAVE DECIDED TO
TAKE ALL OF YOU
BACK WITH **US!**

YOU SEE, IF
WORD OF OUR
EXISTENCE
BECAME KNOWN,
THERE WOULD
BE WORLD-
WIDE **PANIC!**
WE ARE A PEACEFUL
RACE AND DO NOT
WISH TO ALARM
YOUR PLANET!



"THEY HAVE GIVEN US FIVE MINUTES TO
COLLECT OUR PERSONAL BELONGINGS."
THE DOCTOR WROTE IN HIS DIARY...

"I AM USING THESE FEW MOMENTS TO BRING
THIS DIARY UP TO DATE... FOR I FEEL THE
WORLD SHOULD KNOW OF THESE EXTRA-
ORDINARY, PEACEFUL PEOPLE! THEY'RE
IN A GREAT HURRY TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY,
AS THEY'RE AFRAID THEIR FLYING SAUCER
MAY BE DETECTED BY A PASSING PLANE!
THEY INTEND TO DESTROY THIS SHIP
SO AS TO LEAVE NO
TRACE..."



"WE'RE ALL VERY EXCITED AND EAGER
TO GO WITH THEM TO THEIR WONDER-
FUL PLANET. WHAT AN ADVENTURE! I
AM... THE DIARY SUDDENLY
BREAKS OFF! THE DOCTOR MUST
HAVE RUN OUT OF TIME! BUT WHY
WASN'T THE SHIP DESTROYED?
IS EVERYTHING IN THIS DIARY
NONSENSE?



**NEXT MORNING, DAN HAMILTON HURRIED
TO SPEAK TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE VESSEL
WHICH HAD DISCOVERED THE ABANDONED
FREIGHTER...**

I KNOW YOU'VE TOLD YOUR STORY
MANY TIMES, BUT I WANT TO HEAR IT
AGAIN... AND PLEASE LEAVE
OUT **NOTHING**, NO MATTER
HOW TRIVIAL!

ALL
RIGHT, MR.
HAMILTON...

"AFTER SIGNALLING AND GETTING NO REPLY FROM THE FREIGHTER," THE CAPTAIN SAID "WE DECIDED TO BOARD HER..."

WONDER WHY THE WATER IS SO ROILED, CAPTAIN? IT'S BEEN SMOOTH AS GLASS ALL DAY!

THE MAIN QUESTION IS WHY THAT SHIP APPEARS ABANDONED! SEND A SEARCH PARTY ABOARD IMMEDIATELY!



"WHILE MY MEN WERE INVESTIGATING, I WAS SUDDENLY CALLED AWAY TO THE RADAR ROOM..."

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT, SIR! SEEMS TO BE A SUBMARINE IN THE AREA, PRACTICALLY ON TOP OF US! THE MECHANISM MUST BE HAYWIRE, BECAUSE FIVE MINUTES AGO THE SCOPE WAS CLEAR!

EVERYTHING IS HAYWIRE TODAY! CHECK THE SCOPE FOR DAMAGE!



AS THE CAPTAIN WEARILY FINISHED HIS STORY...

SORRY I CAN'T BE MORE HELPFUL, BUT THAT'S ALL I KNOW! IT'S EXACTLY AS IN MY REPORT!

YOU'VE BEEN VERY HELPFUL, SIR--BECAUSE NOW I'VE GOT TWO NEW FACTS!



FROM WHAT HE HAD HEARD, DAN HAMILTON WAS ABLE TO PIECE TOGETHER THE REST OF THE STORY! HE WAS NOW POSITIVE OF THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS--WAS SURE THAT JUST AS THE FLYING SAUCER WAS ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE ON THE ABANDONED FREIGHTER...

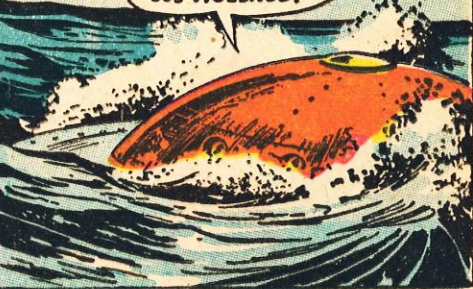
SMOKE ON THE HORIZON, SIR! ANOTHER VESSEL APPROACHING!

THIS IS SERIOUS!



FEARFUL OF BEING DETECTED IN THE AIR IF THEY TOOK OFF, AND UNABLE TO DESTROY THE VESSEL WITHOUT BEING OBSERVED BY THE SECOND SHIP, THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...

WE'LL HAVE TO SUBMERGE... TILL THE DANGER IS PAST! WE HAVEN'T ROOM FOR THE CREW OF THE SECOND SHIP... AND WE DON'T WISH TO USE VIOLENCE!



AND SO, WHILE THE SECOND SHIP APPROACHED AND INVESTIGATED...

BETTER TO CONFRONT THE WORLD WITH A MYSTERIOUS EVENT AT SEA THAN TO LET THEM KNOW ABOUT US!

RIGHT, CHARRIS! THEY'LL TOW THE SHIP AWAY, BUT THEY'LL NEVER LEARN WHAT HAPPENED!



WHEN THE TWO SHIPS WERE GONE FROM THE AREA, THE FLYING SAUCER WENT ON ITS WAY...

ARE YOU ALL QUITE COMFORTABLE, EARTHLINGS?

PERFECTLY! CHARRIS, WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO LIVING ON YOUR PLANET!



AND SO THE MYSTERY WAS SOLVED! THE ROILED WATER HAD BEEN CAUSED BY THE SUBMERGING OF THE SAUCER, WHICH HAD APPEARED ON THE RADAR-SCOPE AS A SUBMARINE! BUT THE INVESTIGATOR DECIDED TO KEEP HIS KNOWLEDGE SECRET...

BETTER TO DESTROY THE DOCTOR'S DIARY! THE VISITORS WERE RIGHT--MOST OF THE WORLD WOULD BE TERRIFIED IF THEIR EXISTENCE WERE KNOWN! I'LL LET THIS CASE GO DOWN IN THE RECORDS AS JUST ANOTHER... MYSTERY OF THE SEA!



THE END!

IT'S IN THIS JAR!

3-WAY HELP FOR LONGER-LOOKING HAIR

**SO EASY! LONG-AID WITH NEW K-7
CONDITIONS SHORT, BRITTLE HAIR
TREATS DRY SCALP, AND DRESSES HAIR
ALL-IN-ONE!**



Do you want longer-looking, shinier hair for those new, ultra-feminine hair-dos... easy to swirl, curl and brush up or under? Check hair beauty you want below. Send coupon now for Long-Aid, and I'll prove you can have lovelier hair in just 3 days—or it won't cost you a penny!

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It's in the jar—that's the secret! Long-Aid dresses hair... conditions hair and scalp like nothing else with 3 wonder-working ingredients.

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Third, miracle new K-7 kills certain scalp bacteria, helps relieve itching irritation. Helps keep hair clean-smelling.

Don't delay! Order Long-Aid at once by mail as thousands do. Use 3 days. It must do all we promise, or your money back and no questions asked... you keep Long-Aid as free gift! Long-Aid only \$1.10. Long-Aid Co., Box 2026, Memphis, Tenn.

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Please rush Long-Aid with K-7 on absolute money-back guarantee.

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00, plus 10¢ Fed. tax (cash, check or money order.) Long-Aid pays all postage.
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STYLE #400

Snake-Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat only

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Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a whisk of a damp cloth. Front or Rear.

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★ TWO-TONE REVERSIBLE ★ AUTO SEAT COVERS

**MADE OF FLEXTON — SERVICE GAUGE
PLASTIC FOR LONG WEAR**

* Waterproof. Easy to attach to seats for good fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure over-all seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with nylon thread for long wear and durability.

ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

Choice of split or front seat styles only **\$2.98** each. Complete set for Front & Rear only **\$5.00**. Specify make of car and seat style with each order. Save Money and buy a set today.

5 day Money Back Guarantee!

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WHITESTONE-57-N.Y.

Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Zebra-Snake Design, Reversible 2 TONE
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☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Solid Seat \$2.98
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**RUSH
ORDER TODAY!**



Hi, all you "Adventures Into The Unknown" fans! It's our turn to gripe this month. Spread out on our editorial desk are two letters requesting vampire stories, one calling for werewolf material and a final one asking if we please wouldn't carry something about zombies. Gosh, how silly can some folks get, anyway? By now, everybody should realize that these are what we in the trade call "formula" stories. Every one is just like every other one—it's the same stale stuff, over and over. We owe you discriminating readers something better than that—we owe you stories of real imagination, with real thrills, real suspense, the products of real writers—and that's what we are striving to bring you. See "Fate Rides The Carousel" and "The Castaway", in this issue, and you'll know what we're driving at. Thank goodness you people are smart enough to recognize and demand truly superior yarns, in preference to drivel—your letters prove this clearly! And, talking about letters, we want to know *your* opinions, which you may address to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Here are a few samples which may interest you:

"Dear Editor:—

Congratulations on the December issue of *Adventures Into The Unknown*! Especially for 'My Fiancee Abigail', which is better than any story I've ever read in a comic magazine. It rates high for thrills and suspense—and it has fine humor, too. All this, plus the best art I've seen in years! 'The Ambassadors' was an excellent story, too. But 'The Secret of The Aztecs' was a letdown—how come?

—Lorraine Martin, Elizabeth, N. J."

Your editor enjoyed "My Fiancee Abigail" too—in fact, we think it's one of the best of the year. On "The Secret of The Aztecs", our apologies. There was no excuse for that one—we fell down on our job, and we'll try not to repeat it!

"Dear Editor:—

I don't like your magazine and I never did.

Your stories put ideas into children's heads. I'd like to see if you print this—or do you only publish compliments?

—Francis X. O'Connor, Palm Beach, Fla."

We like compliments, but we'll publish knocks, too, especially if we think the sender is sincere. Listen—we're proud of the fact that our stories put ideas into people's heads, as long as they're good, decent ideas. There's nothing wrong with thrills and adventure, you know—and our code of ethics is far stricter than those which govern television, radio and moving pictures.

"Dear Editor:—

One thing I like about 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is that your stories are different. Like 'Rosie and Red Russia', in your November issue. I never read a story like that in any comic before—it was wonderful!

—Charles B. Horton, Phoenix, Ariz."

It was quite a yarn, wasn't it? We're ready to vote it a blue ribbon, but that's more than we'd award to the rest of that particular issue. The other stories didn't quite reach the high point that we like to make our average. The December issue, for our money, was better—and wait till you read our January number!

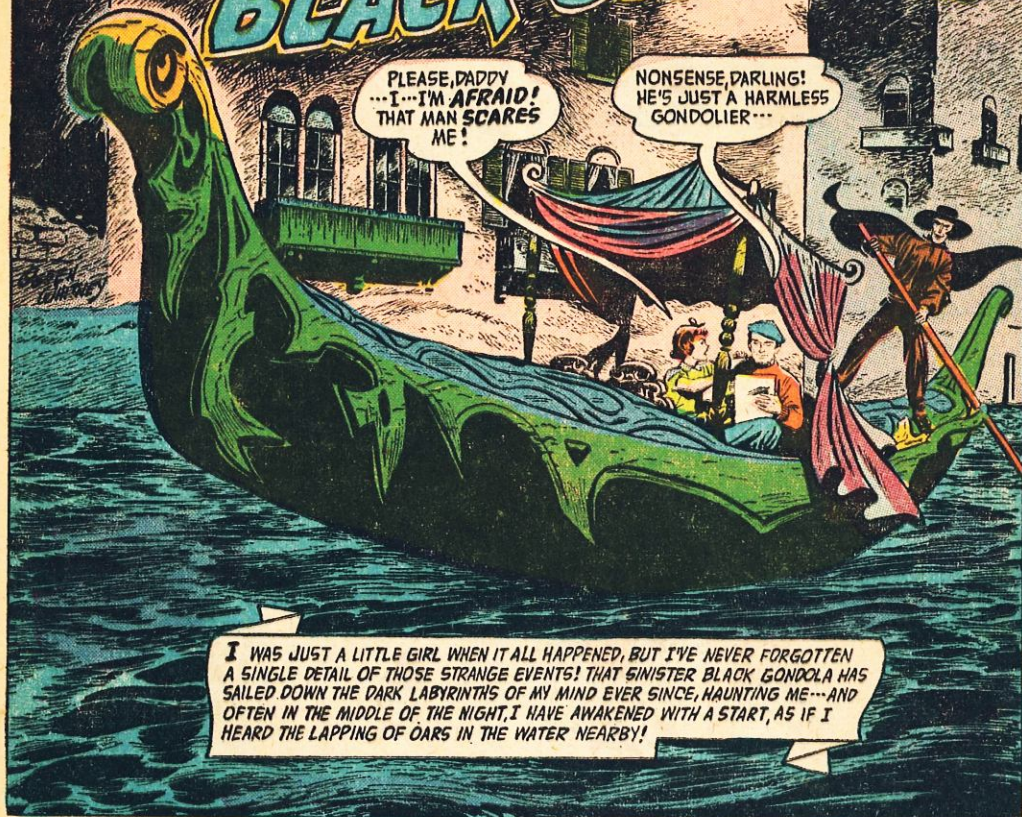
"Dear Editor:—

I'm a guy who's nuts about science fiction—and believe me, I know that field! I didn't think anything in it could surprise me—but then 'Adventures Into The Unknown' came along with 'The Lost Continent' in the October issue. Whoever the writer was, he came up with the most startling scientific theory I've ever read, and he backed it up with an exciting story that kept me on the edge of my seat. Got any more like that?

—Vardis Scheffman, Austin, Tex."

Stories like that don't grow on trees, nor do writers who can turn them out. But we've got that particular author on an exclusive basis now, so you can expect to find a steady flow of tense, actionful stories in our future issues!

The LEGEND of the BLACK GONDOLA!

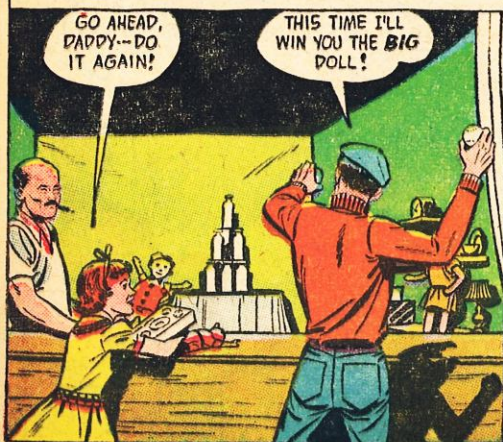


PLEASE, DADDY
...I...I'M AFRAID!
THAT MAN SCARES
ME!

NONSENSE, DARLING!
HE'S JUST A HARMLESS
GONDOLIER...

I WAS JUST A LITTLE GIRL WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED, BUT I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN A SINGLE DETAIL OF THOSE STRANGE EVENTS! THAT SINISTER BLACK GONDOLA HAS SAILED DOWN THE DARK LABYRINTHS OF MY MIND EVER SINCE, HAUNTING ME...AND OFTEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, I HAVE AWAKENED WITH A START, AS IF I HEARD THE LAPPING OF OARS IN THE WATER NEARBY!

HOW CAN I DESCRIBE HOW MUCH I ADORED MY FATHER? HE WAS EVERYTHING TO ME, GUIDE, FRIEND, PLAYMATE, PROTECTOR...



GO AHEAD,
DADDY--DO
IT AGAIN!

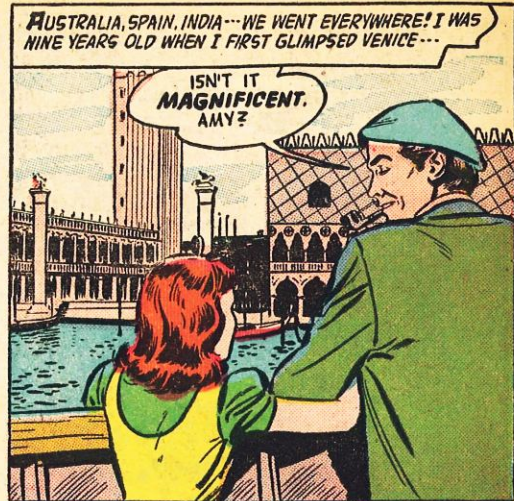
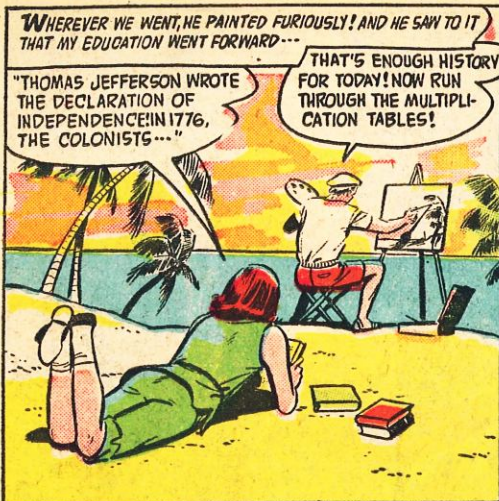
THIS TIME I'LL
WIN YOU THE BIG
DOLL!

AFTER MY MOTHER'S DEATH, HE DID EVERYTHING TO KEEP ME HAPPY! WE NEVER HAD MUCH, BUT LIFE WAS WONDERFUL, FULL OF FUN AND WONDERFUL PLACES...



WHERE ARE WE
OFF TO THIS
TIME?

TAHITI! I'VE
ALWAYS WANTED TO
PAINT IN THE SOUTH
SEAS!





HE COLLAPSED IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR! I RAN WILDLY TO SUMMON AID, AND WHEN THE DOCTORS CAME---

SOME SORT OF INTENSE FEVER... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT!

DO SOMETHING! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S SICK?



HIS UNCONSCIOUSNESS WAS BROKEN BY MOMENTS OF BABBLING DELIRIUM! AS THE HOURS DRAGGED ON---

OC-A-R-O!
M-O-R-T-E!

IT... IT'S HIM!



I BOUNDED OUT OF BED, RUSHED TO THE WINDOW---

HE'S THERE! AND SOMEHOW I KNOW HE'S WAITING FOR DADDY!



I RACED FRANTICALLY INTO THE NEXT ROOM, BUT THE DOCTORS COULDN'T HEAR THE SONG! AND WHEN I DRAGGED THEM TO THE WINDOW, THEY COULDN'T SEE WHAT WAS BELOW---

THERE! THERE! CAN'T YOU HEAR? CAN'T YOU SEE?

WHERE? WHAT?



AS I DESCRIBED WHAT I SAW, THE OLDER DOCTOR TURNED PALE---

SHE... SHE MUST BE SEEING... THE BLACK GONDOLA! YOU KNOW THE ANCIENT LEGEND... IT MEANS DOOM!



I HEARD THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME THE SINISTER LEGEND... HOW THE BLACK GONDOLA APPEARED ONLY WHEN A YOUNG PERSON WAS MARKED FOR EXTINCTION, AND HOW ITS MESSAGE COULD NOT BE EVADED---

A PORTION OF THE LEGEND STATES THAT ITS EVIL INFLUENCE CAN ONLY BE DESTROYED IF THE IMAGE OF THE GONDOLA IS DESTROYED, WHATEVER THAT MAY MEAN!

YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE MY DADDY... YOU'VE GOT TO!



THEY SENT ME BACK TO MY ROOM, WHERE I LAY SLEEPLESS! SUDDENLY, THE SINGING STOPPED, AND I KNEW---

YOU MUST BE BRAVE, LITTLE ONE---

HE... HE'S GONE... DADDY'S GONE!



LIFE WAS HARD IN THE YEARS AFTER! I HUNG ON TO THE CHERISHED MEMORY OF MY FATHER, BUT ALL I HAD WERE A FEW OF HIS PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS, AMONG THEM THE VERY LAST HE DID---

THE BLACK GONDOLA!
IT GIVES ME THE SHUDDERS
EVERY TIME I LOOK AT IT!



IT WAS THESE MEMORIES WHICH CAUSED ME TO GO TO ART SCHOOL! IT TURNED OUT I HAD NO TALENT, BUT MY STUDIES WERE NOT A TOTAL WASTE, FOR IT WAS THERE I MET STEPHEN---

HOW DOES IT FEEL,
BEING THE GENIUS
OF THE CLASS?

FLATTERY WILL GET
YOU **ANYTHING**,
BEAUTIFUL!



RIGHT FROM THE START HE REMINDED ME OF MY FATHER---HE WAS ALWAYS FASCINATING--WITH THE SAME ZEST FOR LIFE! AND SO IT HAPPENED THAT, WITH THE PASSAGE OF TIME---

BERMUDA IS JUST THE
START OF OUR HONEYMOON,
DARLING! THERE'S A BIG
BEAUTIFUL, WIDE WORLD I
WANT TO SEE!

YOU PAINTERS ARE ALL
ALIKE---ALL YOU THINK
OF IS **TRAVELING!**



AS A TOP-NOTCH MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATOR, HE COULD AFFORD TO INDULGE HIS FANCIES, AND FOR ME THE TRIP WAS PURE HEAVEN! BUT IN PARIS---

I'M ITCHING TO GET TO
VENICE! THAT'S AN
ARTIST'S MECCA!

YOU KNOW I DON'T
WANT TO GO **THERE**,
STEPHEN! IT HOLDS
ONLY TERRIBLE
MEMORIES FOR
ME!



THAT'S ABSURD, AMY! WE **SHOULD**
GO, MAYBE LAY A WREATH ON YOUR
FATHER'S GRAVE! BY THE WAY, YOU
NEVER **HAVE** TOLD ME WHAT HE
DIED OF!

I DON'T WANT
TO TALK ABOUT
IT, DARLING!



EVENTUALLY, HE HAD HIS WAY! IT SEEMED
THAT AGES HAD PASSED, AND YET EVERY-
THING WAS EXACTLY THE SAME---

ISN'T IT
MAGNIFICENT,
AMY?

EXACTLY---
HOW DADDY
DESCRIBED
IT!



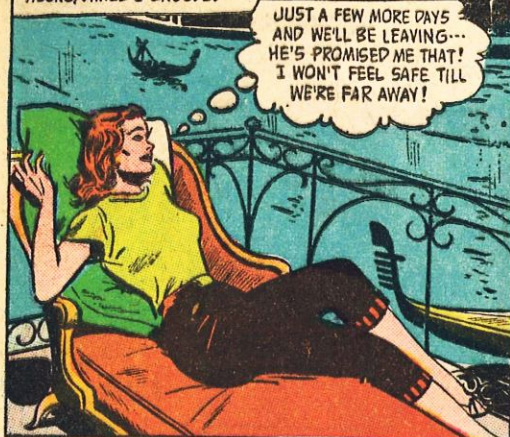
STEPHEN FELL IN LOVE WITH THE CITY
INSTANTLY, WHILE I WAS BESET BY
VAGUE FEARS AND MISGIVINGS---

WHAT ARE YOU
SO **NERVOUS**
ABOUT, HONEY?
RELAX! ENJOY
YOURSELF!

ILL---
TRY!



HE WANTED TO TAKE ME EVERYWHERE, BUT I PREFERRED TO STICK CLOSE TO THE HOTEL! HE WENT OUT SKETCHING ALONE, WHILE I BROODED...



LATE THAT AFTERNOON HE CAME BACK TERRIBLY EXCITED, EAGER TO TELL ME OF SOME WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE...



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, STEPHEN?

LET ME START FROM THE BEGINNING! THERE I WAS SITTING ALONG THE GRAND CANAL, DOING A WATER COLOR...



"I MUST HAVE BEEN ABSORBED IN THOUGHT," STEPHEN SAID, "BECAUSE I DIDN'T SEE THIS MAGNIFICENT BLACK GONDOLA APPROACH TILL IT WAS NEARLY ON TOP OF ME..."

A TOUR ALONG THE GRAND CANAL, SIGNOR? SEE ALL THE LOVELY SIGHTS OF VENICE!



NOT A BAD IDEA! WHAT'S THE CHARGE?

"WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?" STEPHEN CONTINUED. "HE DIDN'T CHARGE ME A THING! HE WAS A QUEER-LOOKING DUCK, THE GONDOLIER, ALWAYS GRINNING AND SINGING SOME FUNNY OLD SONG..."

O CARO MORTE!

AMY'D SURE GET A CHARGE OUT OF THIS!



A WAVE OF SHOCK AND TERROR GRIPPED ME...

THE GONDOLIER SAID SOMETHING ABOUT SEEING ME AGAIN WHEN WE PARTED! GOSH, HONEY, YOU SURE MISSED A TREAT... THAT CRAFT WAS SUPERB! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK SO PALE!



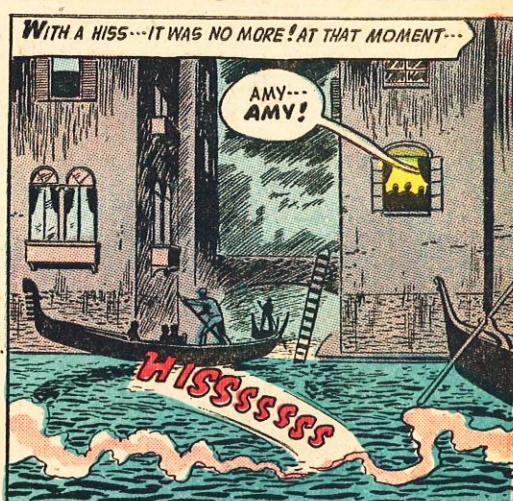
PANIC-STRICKEN, I DASHED TO THE TRUNK AND BEGAN RUMMAGING FRANTICALLY THROUGH MY FATHER'S OLD SKETCHES...

HAVE YOU GONE OUT OF YOUR MIND? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

IT'S HERE... SOMEWHERE! AND I'M PRAYING IT'S NOT WHAT YOU SAW!







a CAT'S LIFE!

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION SET UP A MOCK VILLAGE IN THE NEVADA DESERT TO TEST THE EFFECT OF AN ATOMIC BLAST...

THIS IS **GROUND ZERO**! AFTER THAT BOMB GOES OFF, THERE'LL BE NOTHING HERE BUT **POWDER**!

RESTRICTED AREA
ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION

AN HOUR LATER, FIVE MILES AWAY...

ZERO HOUR MINUS FOUR, MINUS THREE... TWO... **ONE**...

HERE COMES THE **BLAST**!

THE CATAclysmic EXPLOSION WAS SEEN HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY! HEAT FROM THE BLAST ROARED FIERCELY ACROSS THE DESERT, PULVERIZING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH...

BARROOOOOM!

INSPECTION OF THE DEVASTATED AREA FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY...

THE GROUND IS **CRACKLING** WITH RADIATION... WITHIN 500 YARDS OF HERE, THE DESTRUCTION IS **TOTAL**!

SHHH... DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

MEEOO WWW!

CLIK!
CLIK!
CLIK!

GOOD GRIEF! THERE'S A CAT TRAPPED IN THE RUBBLE! **HEY...** YOU MEN... OVER HERE! ...HOW'D A CAT GET INTO THE VILLAGE?

THERE **CAN'T** BE ANYTHING ALIVE HERE... **IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!**

MEEOOWW!

BUT MOMENTS LATER...

IMPOSSIBLE OR NOT... THIS KITTY IS ALIVE AND KICKING! LOOK, ITS FUR IS JUST A BIT SINGED... BUT THAT'S ALL!

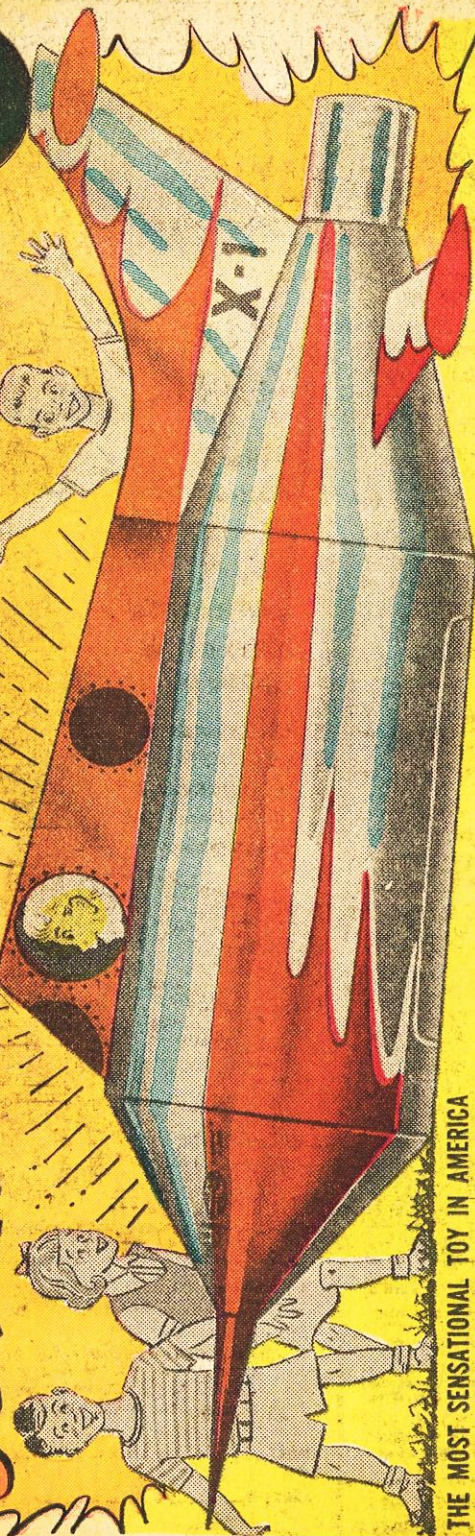
HOW COULD IT BE ALIVE? THE HEAT WAS **THOUSANDS OF DEGREES!** THE BLAST PULVERIZED **CONCRETE!** YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT CATS HAVE **NINE LIVES?**

MEEOO WWW!

THE END!

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—Victor Mannocho, Montreal, Canada



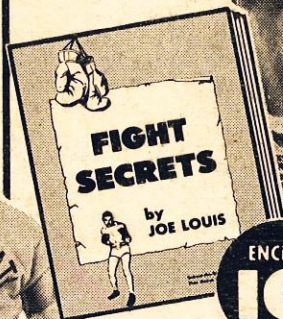
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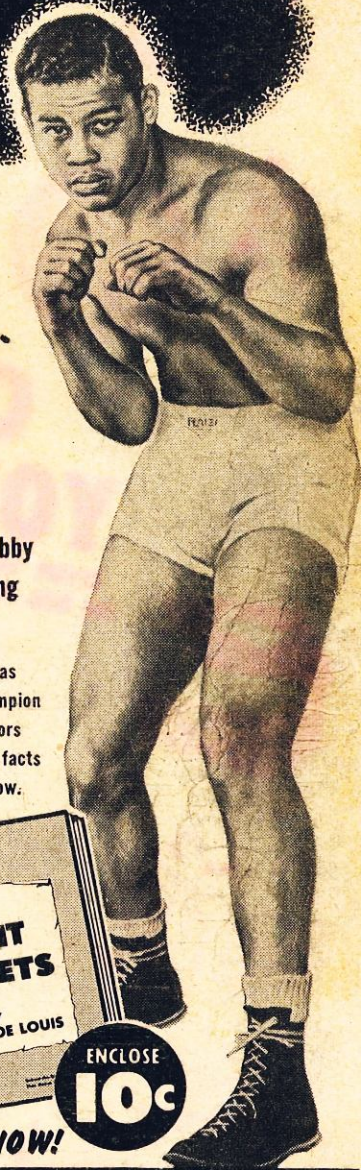
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